Misty Rain Scans presents...

Scholar Who Walks the Night

Chapter 8

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Att: MRS' Staff

8회
글 조주희 그림 한승희
조선 뱀파이어 이야기
밤을 걷는 선비
[밤을 걷는 선비]는 한국콘텐츠진흥원 2012 우수만화글로벌프로젝트 선정 작품입니다.

OH HO~
IT IS YANG SEON.
TEACHER.
I HEAR THAT YOU'VE BECOME A REALLY GREAT BOOKSELLER AND YOU'RE EVEN KNOWN IN GYUNG GYO...
I STILL CAN'T BE COMPARED TO YOU, TEACHER.
COME, LET'S SPEND THIS TIME TOGETHER TO WRITE POEMS AND SING AND PLAY...
THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS SOCIAL STATUS OR AGE HERE

TEACHER, I CAME HERE TO ASK YOU SOMETHING
WHAT IS IT? IS THERE A BOOK WHICH YANG SEON THE BOOK-SELLER CAN NOT ACQUIRE?
HAVE YOU BEEN TO THE OLD MANOR AT EUM SEOK GOL?
EUM SEOK GOL'S OLD MANOR...
THAT WAS A DIFFICULT ORDER. AT THAT TIME... I WENT TO THE HOUSE WHICH HAD THE BOOKS EUM SEOK GOL'S LORD REQUESTED AND HAD TO CONVINCE THE OWNERS TO SELL

WHAT BOOK WAS IT...?
NOTHING SPECIAL, JUST SOME ESSAYS WRITTEN BY THAT LORD'S GRANDFATHER.
IT WAS A DREARY HOUSE, ELUM SEOK GOL'S OLD MANOR.
IT SEEMED HE LIVED THERE ALONE.
BUT THAT WAS MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO. HE MUST BE DEAD BY NOW.
THAT HOUSE... THE BOOKSELLERS STILL VISIT IT.

STILL?
HMM...
PERHAPS HE ADOPTED ...
HE HAD SAID THAT HE WAS SICK AND DIDN'T SHOW ME HIS FACE ... EVERYONE TOLD ME THAT HE WAS AN OLD MAN.
BUT NO BOOKSELLER HAS EVER SAID THAT THEY HAVE SEEN HIS FACE PROPERLY.
.....

Why is this worrying me so much?
WHAT IS.. ?
YANG SEON THE BOOKSELLER!

YANG SEON...
OH~
!!!
OF
OF
S-- SIR...
IS THIS A DREAM OR IS IT REAL?
I HAD THOUGHT THAT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO SLEEP TONIGHT WITHOUT GETTING TO SEE YOU.
WHEN I WAS DRUNK LAST NIGHT, DID I DO ANY-THING BAD TO YOU?
REALLY, I'M NOT A DANGEROUS MAN
I WON'T HARM YOU...

AAH! THERE'S A TIGER BEHIND YOU!
A TIGER?
WHERE?
WHERE IS IT?
UWA
.....
AH! YANG SEON... WHERE DID YOU GO?
YANG SEON?!
Ouch..

DOES THIS MEAN THAT YOU WANT TO PLAY HIDE AND SEEK WITH ME~?
YANG SEON~ I'M COMING TO CATCH YOU~
Phew...
벌렁

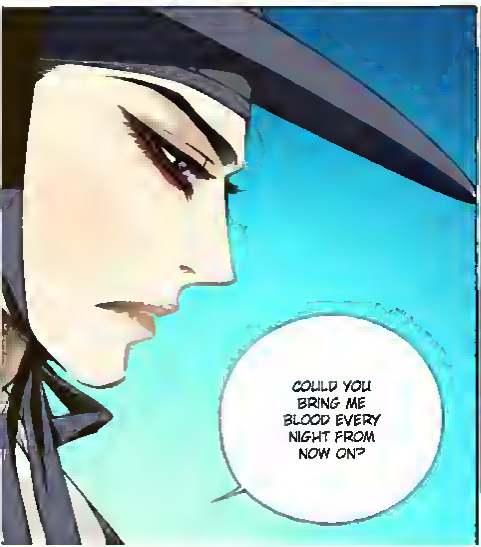
THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME AGAIN...
OUCH...

I SUPPOSE I CAN'T MOVE FOR A WHILE NOW.

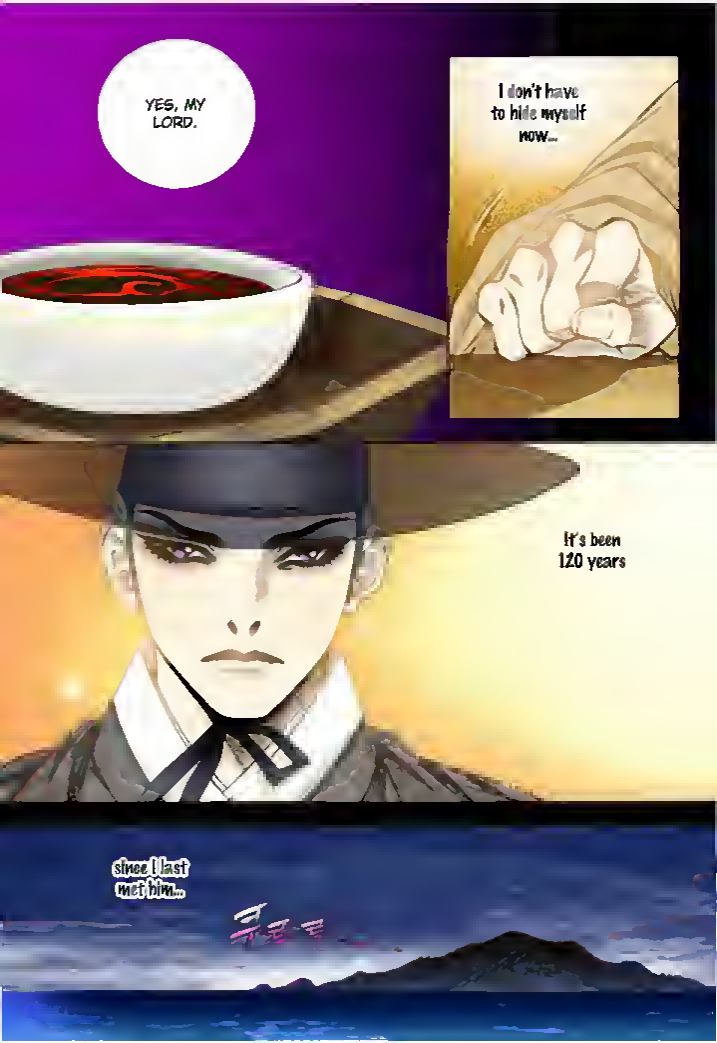
AH! I REMEMBERED IT AGAIN.
THE SCHOLAR FROM EUM SEOK GOL, I'VE ONLY MET HIM AT NIGHT...
But, I am only a bookseller.
If the scholar doesn't call on me, I can't go to him.

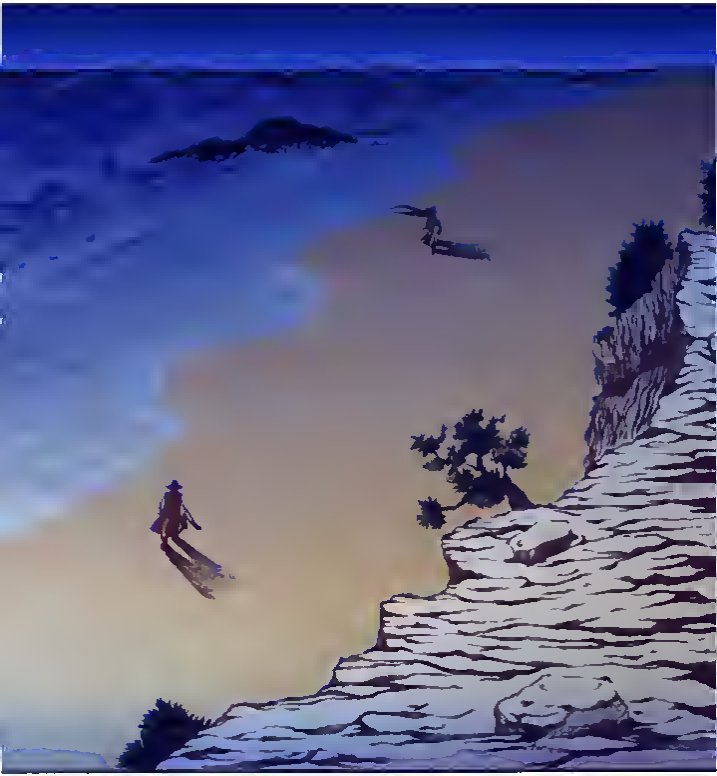
MY LORD,
I'VE MET WITH THE PEOPLE WHO SELL THE BLOOD AT BAN CHON AGAIN.

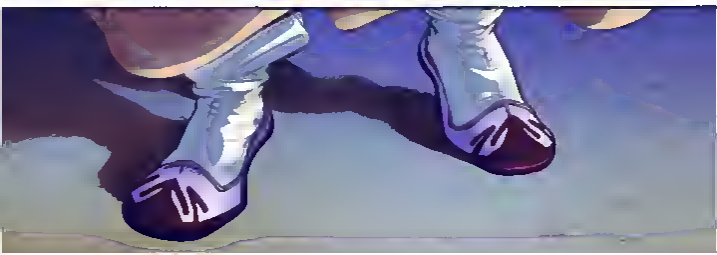
THANK YOU.

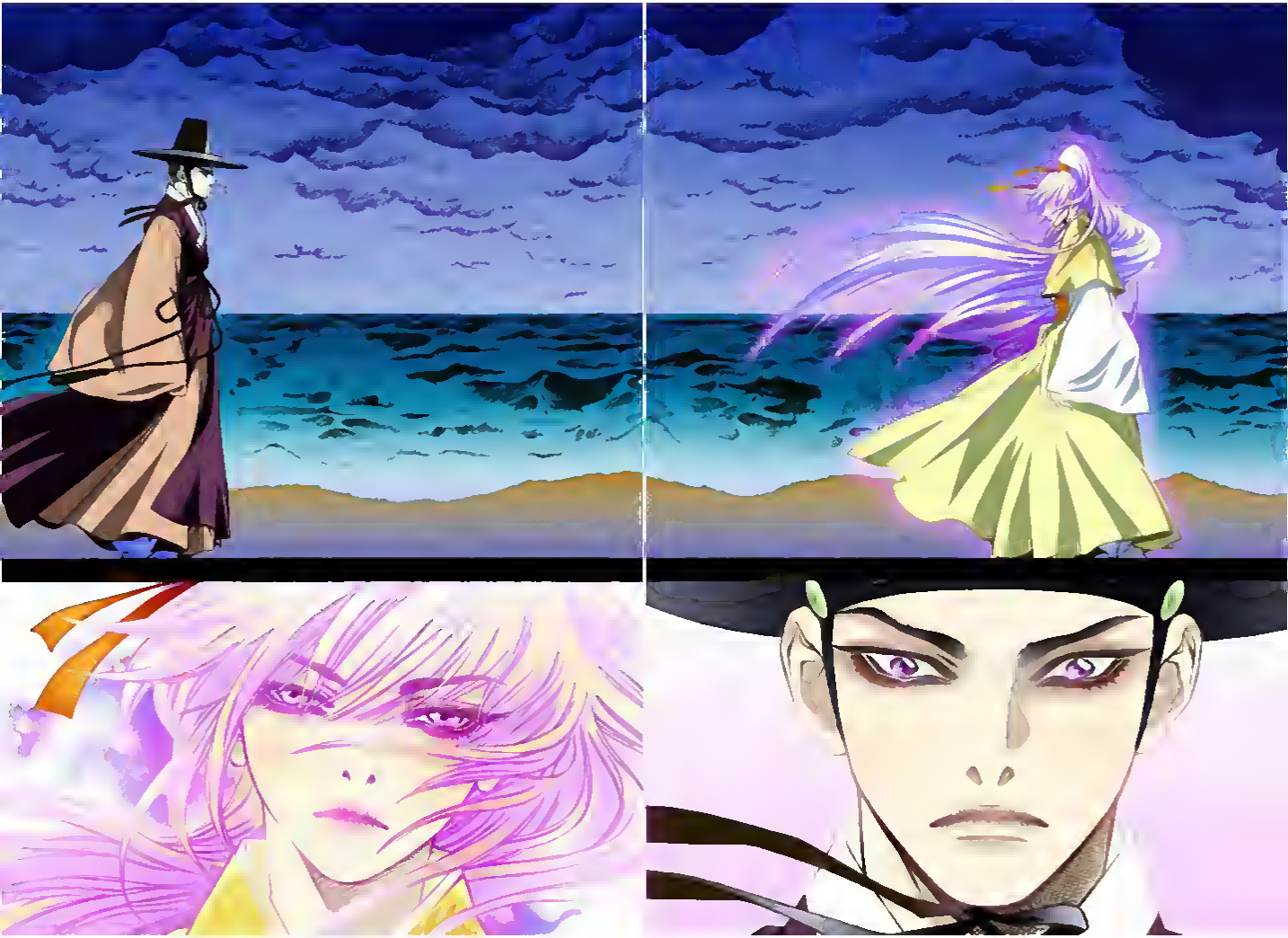

COULD YOU BRING ME BLOOD EVERY NIGHT FROM NOW ON?

YES? DID YOU SAY EVERY NIGHT?

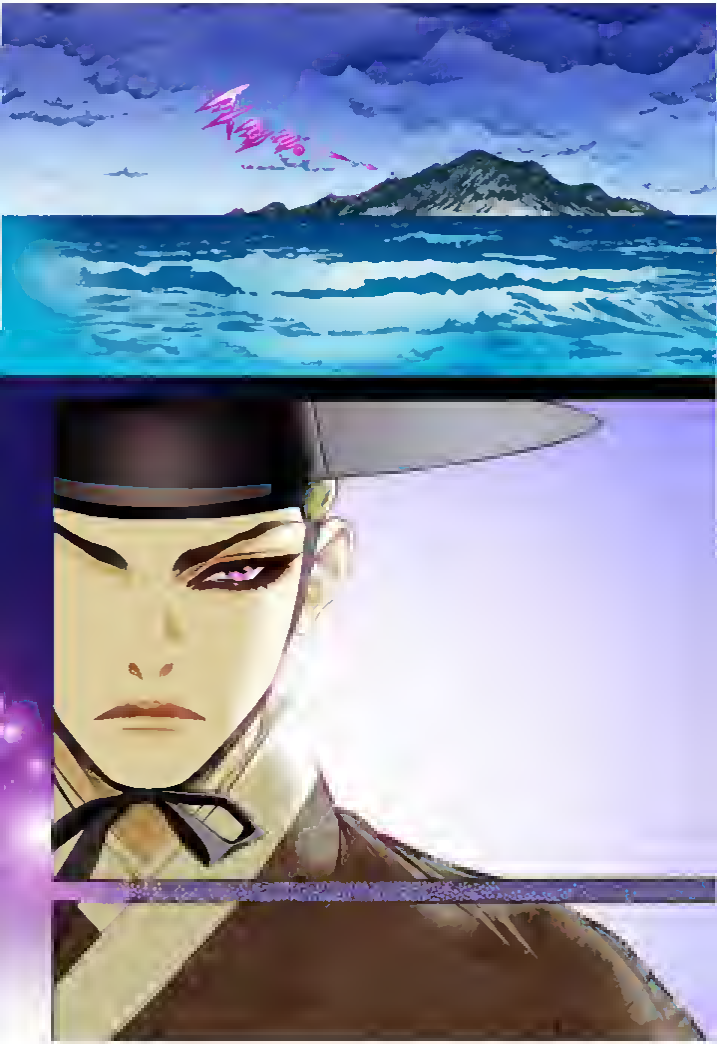

YES, MY LORD.
I don't have to hide myself now...
It's been 120 years
since I last met him...
쿠르르







If I hadn't been starved for blood those past fifteen days
he would have realised who I was and I wouldn't have survived



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